

# *Sketch*

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J.D. Crawford: 1898-1963

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# J.D. Crawford: 1898-1963

Dean Womeldorf

## **Abstract**

In the dying embers of daylight I heard an old man cry  
Someone yelled bring water and a doctor  
Quickly run fetch your mother He needs the touch of a woman's hand on his brow  
I ran and stumbled through a cornfield And told my mother heavily breathin' Old Man Crawford's sick  
They want you and hurry Ma he's sick She ran I followed through the corn And burst through  
Crawford's kitchen door Pa a gasp close his eyes And wash his sweaty face clean...

"Oh?"

"The local motel has no vacancies and they told me that on Highway 22, the next one is fifty miles away."

"That's too bad," Mary Beth couldn't quite keep all the relief from her voice, "but I understand. Perhaps we'll see each other again some day." Her voice held genuine sorrow as she went on, "I am sad about Tom. You don't know how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness in looking me up personally."

Later, as Ralph drove homeward, he unconsciously whistled a popular tune. *I enjoyed seeing Mary Beth, but I guess she's as comfortable in her little world as I am in mine.* But the music filling his car was,

"People, who need people,  
Are the luckiest people in the world."

## J. D. Crawford: 1898-1963

*Dean Womeldorf*

*History, Soph.*

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